THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, December 22, 1806.

PARIS AS IT IS.

Written by a Gentleman now in Paris.

A Philosophical writer [Kotzebue], under the pretext of giving the world a picture of Paris, has published six large volumes, which are much admired by foreigners. We will do justice to his intentions, and not read his book. He is a charming fellow; thinks in the street, writes about every post he comes to, and knows every thing, except the art of pleasing, and standing still. He has written six volumes on Paris. I shall give a few pages on the same subject; for I hate nothing so much as prolixity.

At Paris every body builds, and every body speculates; there some amuse, many ruin, and very few enrich themselves. The multitude live by the hopes and the follies of the opulent upstarts.

The *literati* excite very little sensation at Paris, because the spirit of books interests nobody, since the spirit of business has taken possession of every mind. Let us likewise acknowledge, that very little genius is requisite to compose a novel, and that more is necessary for a tragedy, which is first read with presumption, performed with confidence, praised with tumult, kept up with great expence, and is totally destitute of every qualification that can command success.

The drama, it is true, is rather neglected, and for this very reason, because the theatres are so uncommonly well frequented. However paradoxical this observation may at first sight appear, it is nevertheless true. A taste for the drama makes no alteration in the manners of society. There is at Paris an hour in which all appear equally rich, converse on the same subjects, and occupy themselves with the same things. Pleasure seems

to be the only employment, and gaiety the prevailing characteristic. What shall we say to the opinion of Marivaux, who maintained, that people who are not offended by any thing, are not fitter for society than those who take offence at every thing?

Reading and study are almost totally relinquished. How many things are there which it is dangerous to learn? and how many others, the knowledge of which is of no service? Fame is no longer the object to which we aspire, but wealth. Our very authors are a kind of literary financiers. There are undertakers and composers of histories, travels, new plays, necrologies, &c. It was formerly said that the sciences knew no difference of rank, but rather destroyed them, and conferred distinctions which persons of the highest quality could not always attain. This fashion is past, the present generation takes delight only in what is ridiculous.

As it is absolutely necessary to be rich, in order to enjoy pleasure, the exterior of happiness, and a kind of consideration, no means are left untried to obtain wealth. Were any one to follow the path of virtue, I am convinced that he would procure applause, were it only because he would have few competitors.

A talent which is on the decline at Paris is, that of conversation. Every thing is absorbed in the vortex of gaming. People in years still retain some sparks of gaiety; but, upon the whole, nothing is more insipid, more frivolous, more silly, than a handsome woman with whom you are not in love. You almost affront her if you speak to her of any thing else but her face. Nothing is so affected, so methodical, so full of pretensions, as ladies of this description. They rule despotically over your conversation, your taste, your ideas. But nothing is so formal, so disgusting, as a woman of genius, who writes little books, and reads them to great connoisseurs. One of these ladies lately said to me, "To speak much and well, is the talent of the *bel esprit;* to speak little and well, is the character of a wise man; to speak much and ill, is the unfortunate fate of the silly."—"And, to speak like you, Madame," replied I, "is to speak like a book." She blushed, and has not since invited me to her house.

Scarcely any but foreigners frequent the garden of plants, the libraries, the museum, the works in the louvre, the public monuments, which are the luxury of great empires, and the ornaments of their capitals. The inhabitants of Paris have so many occupations to attend to, so many invitations to dinners which they cannot refuse, so many solicitations which they have promised to make, so many unprofitable or sacred assignations, so many letters to write, so many ladies to console, so many interesting men to visit, that the morrow almost always

ways surprises them before they have commenced the business of the day.

Laughing is out of fashion at Paris; in the promenades people yawn; in the saloons of company they play; at the theatres they roar; in the city they affect to prefer the country; and in the country they propagate the occupations of the city. Every one is eager to exchange his condition. He is a *capable* man who relinquishes a profession in which he lived obscure and tranquil, to aspire to a place of uncertain duration, and which is sure to ruin him who holds it.

"What is Mr. Such-a-one doing?" "*il est nul*," is the reply. "Nobody speaks of him." So much the better for him. What can be said of a quiet peaceable man, who, satisfied with the mediocrity of his lot, seeks not to raise himself by means of intrigue, but spends his days in the select circle of tried souls, in the bosom of the arts, and of friendship!

In my opinion, the Parisians surpass all other people in a taste for the pleasures of the table *(gourmandise)*; we have often a poem on *gastronomy*, an *almanack des gourmands*, a *journal des gourmandes*, and all these works have an astonishing sale. A celebrated *restnuratcur* is a person of importance; there is nothing to which he may not aspire. In like manner a good cook is a very reputable *artist*, he generally has some little foibles; he is rather addicted to drink, rather given to stealing and dishonesty, rather insolent, rather brutal, rather lazy, rather profligate; but his talent compensates for these trifling defects. For the rest, people do not eat, but devour; and voracity belongs, in some measure, to the *bon ton*.

In another half century, the people of Paris will go abroad only on horseback, or in coaches; it's size is prodigious. A splenetic calculator asserts, that the more houses there will be in Paris, the fewer inhabitants will it contain. Population is always in an inverse ratio to luxury.

What I have said is true; what I have not said is still more true; and, notwithstanding all this, Paris is still the most charming place in the world to live in.

For the Weekly Entertainer.

CLERICAL POSTAGE.

Mr. Editor,

I Am curate of two small parishes in the west of England, and, having a wife and many children, I am obliged to attend to the minutest articles of expenditure; my strict regard to justice, as well as my abhorrence of confinement, forbidding

me to run in debt. To accomplish this, I am obliged to forego many innocent indulgencies, both of body and mind; of the latter sort is that of corresponding with many friends at a distance, for whom I have a sincere regard, and by whom, I flatter myself, I am reciprocally esteemed; for the postage of letters is now too heavy for the pocket of a curate, and as I have no vote in a borough, and "Cornishmen seldom see their members," I can scarcely ever procure a frank. This being the case, you may judge of my vexation on receiving a great number of letters in the course of the year, one for each parish, directed "To the officiating minister of the parish of ———", &c. for which I am obliged to pay the postage. It is true, that if I do not open those letters, I may send them back, and get the postage re-paid, but sometimes suspecting they may contain business of importance, and by my distance from the post-office finding it troublesome to return them, I am frequently induced to open them, and submit to the imposition.

Various are the causes which bring this misfortune on the parochial clergy, some few of which I shall enumerate. Within the last two years I have received letters from two unknown persons in the north of England about elopements. One had lost his wife, who had decamped with a private in the militia, and they were supposed to be set out for the islands of Scilly; and after giving a minute description of her person, by which it appeared that she was as unlovely, as she was unchaste, the "much injured" husband begs me to stop the parties, apply to a magistrate, take them into custody, and send a letter *post-paid* to give him information. In a postcript he says that I shall add much to the obligation of apprehending the fugitives, if I will go back a stage or two to discover where they slept, and endeavour to get the chambermaid, or some other person at the inn, to prove the real commission of the act of adultery.

Another has honoured me with a letter to tell me, that his daughter had turned out a sot, and *every thing that was bad*; that she drank more than a quart of spirits every day; that she had robbed his house of many articles, being seduced away by a western miner, who told her that copper and mundic changed water into brandy; that in deep mines where the fire-engines could not well draw up the whole, a number of both sexes were hired to go down and drink the surplus; and therefore the unhappy father entreats me to inquire after her in the deepest mine in Cornwall, and let him know the result of my search.

Innumerable are the letters I receive to make enquiries after the baptisms or settlements of paupers, which, at the year's end, amount to a pretty large sum, and which I call my poor-rate. Some want parochial contributions to infirmaries, or

other

other charitable institutions. Some send letters exhorting me to disperse papers to alarm the public about the danger of invasion, and containing the bitterest invectives against "the Corsican usurper," &c. But the most modest and judicious application I ever received was made, not many years since, by a committee for collecting money for sufferers by a fire, from whom I received *two double letters*, which cost me 2s. 8d. though *seven members* of that committee had a legal power to frank letters; and all that was contained in *l'incluse and l'envelope*, might be printed or written on a half sheet of paper!!

I shall add no remarks on the propriety of this method of making the clergy engage, with alacrity and good humour, in a business thus obtruded upon them by unnecessary expence, but all that I shall further say on this subject is, *that I beg all my unknown friends to take notice, that for the future I will receive no unfranked or un-post-paid letter, directed to*

THE OFFICIATING MINISTER OF THE PARISH OF ———

OCCASIONAL ESSAYS.

No. VIII.

LAW PROCEEDINGS.

PLAINTIFF A. commenced an action at trover, against defendant B, for the recovery of a grey horse. Defendant hiring said horse for a Sunday ride; which horse he still held, kept, and detained, without advice, leave, grant, will, or permission of said plaintiff; but did himself, and at divers times, cause others, to bestride, ride, gallop, pace, trot, canter, whip, spur, lash, shoe, feed, water, litter, curry, walk, air, exercise, drench, stable, and rub down, for his own use, and as his own property, against the form of the statute, in that case made and provided.

Defendant's attorney pleaded, that the action was false, and malicious; whereas notice of trial was given, and afterwards issue joined.

A venerable serjeant being retained counsel for the plaintiff, defendant humbly moved his lordship, that Winifred Morgan, his grandmother, might be permitted to answer, and refute the learned serjeant's harangue; observing, as they were both old women alike, the match would be pretty equal, and produce much elegant entertainment to his lordship and the court. Barristers and old women having the same involuntary nod of the head, plodding contracted brow, and wise, unmeaning face, the same enmity to silence, and keeping up the same eternal warfare

warfare of tongue, it being impossible, at times, to determine, whether the learned counsel is pleading or *scolding*.

In dress too, exhibiting an equal taste; an old woman sometime wearing a black gown and red petticoat. So does my lord. An old woman covers her bald pate and long ears with a large warm cap; my lord hides his, under the dignity of a black coif, and huge perriwig; so it is impossible to say, whether my lord mimics grannum, or grannum my lord.

Serjeant Double-Fee, in Reply.

My lord, and gentlemen, of the jury,—I shall, in this case, throw aside all unnecessary flowing periods, and rhetorical figures, for as brevity is the soul of eloquence, so I shall be brief. Hem! Hem! and not impertinently presume to take up your lordship's time, by a long, round, round-a-bout redundant, circumlocutory manner of speaking, or talking quite foreign to the purpose, or not any way relating to the matter in question: No, my lord; I shall, I will, I mean, I design, I intend to clearly demonstrate to your lordship, and the gentlemen of the jury, that the defendant has offered neither more or less, than a gross, affrontive, reprehensible insult to your lordship, the whole bench, and every reverent black gown, red petticoat, and white wig at the bar.

And first. As to the dignity and laudable purpose of our wigs. Do they not add (dusted and puffed like frost on a furze bush) a quota to the revenue of the state? by not only contributing largely to the encrease of the powder tax, but of infinite utility and benefit to farmers, contractors, retailers, regrators, and forestallers, in keeping up, by the immense consumption of powder, the present high and exorbitant price of grain.

And shall wigs thus twizzled and frizzled be likened to the old fashioned coif of a grannum? If so, "*a clout upon that head*" where now the wig-bush sits! No, my lord, if old women were admitted to plead, plain sense would, at once, lead to plain facts, on which the jury can alone decide. What then would become of that desirable tautology, and procrastination, that admired eloquence, and incomprehensible jargon, were points of law to be discussed in language to be understood? Do we not drive the nail of conviction, as with a sledge hammer, into the heads of the jury? so addling and confounding their ideas by *brow beating*, and cross questioning evidence, that they get bewildered in error, in search of truth; for if truth be hid "under a bushel," it is our business to *keep* her there, that is to make black white, or blue green. Hem! Hem!

Facts need no colour, but the very essence and quintessence of law, is to give colour *against* facts, and to defend and support by sound law, and splendid oratory, actions brought into

court, without any *colour at all*, for if people were governed by common sense and common honesty, who would go to law? where then would be our fees? where our fame? that bright celestial, whose ariel wing, and sounding trump, lifts us from the counsel seat into that of judgment? the bench! the bench! the bench! the aim, the wish, the ambition of us all!

Where too, is to be found that easy, that ready advancement as in the law? do we not outstrip the soldier's glory, and the seaman's pride? can the army and navy generally instance the hasty stride, and rapid promotion of the eloquent, dauntless, unblushing barrister of the bar.

As a pillar of the law then, I here stand its support, and as law has nothing to do with *matter* of *fact*, matter of fact can have nothing to do with *law*.

Grannum's Welch blood being roused, rejoined—"Cot pless us, and shave us! what a spluttering hur makes! If hur is a pillar of the law, hur is a *catter*-pillar then, with hur wig, hur coif, and hur clout! if hur is an olt woman, hur is not the only olt woman, hur wor."

But the judge put a stop to the rejoinder, and observed, that though the etiquette of the court would not admit of grannum as counsel, her evidence was unobjectionable."

The action was brought for the recovery of a grey horse; but grannum incontestibly proved, that the beast in litigation, was only a grey *mare*; and as the judge, in his charge, bade the jury be mindful that the *grey mare had been found the better horse*, the plaintiff was *non-suited*. But the *lenity* of the law, granting a new trial the ensuing term, to avoid the *quibble*, the action was brought for the recovery of either, as the evidence should substantiate. When after a long, and most *impartial* hearing, the poor plaintiff was again non-suited; it clearly appearing, on cross-examining the evidence, that the creature in contest was neither mare nor horse, but absolutely, and *bona fide*, a grey *gelding*.

But as all fees and expences had been duly and amply discharged, the grave and learned barrister, with great consideration and humanity advised, that as the beast had *blood*, and proved so good a *racer*, he might be run over the course again; taking his next career through *Chancery-lane*.

Thus may the noblest professors of the noblest institution, be turned into ridicule by absurd customs and ludicrous attire; but the paraphernalia of dress, however exploded, can never cast a blemish, where justice, honour, and humanity, stamp a seal; and we can now boast of gentlemen of the long robe, who are as great an honour to the law, as the laws are an honour to the country. But wretches nursed in chicanery, who endeavour to subvert the laws, and for the vilest purposes, can only be considered as *locusts* insidiously gnawing at the very

root

root of justice, and tramplers on all laws, human and divine: the base assassins of property, the moth of confidence, the bane of industry, the disgrace of their country, and foe to mankind. But the career of these gentry has not been a little impeded, by the active interposition of a late noble lord of the king's bench, whose spirited exertions, in extirpating these *pettifogging* devourers of fortune and of fame, have proved a bulwark of safety between party and party, and whilst a strict distribution of justice gives support to our rights and privileges, it adds additional lustre also, to the glorious constitution of the British empire.

And now, Mr. Editor,—Bless me, what an untoward accident! in trying to mend my pen, I have cut my finger; dashed, in an agony of pain, the ink-stand on the floor, soiled the carpet, and the monkey has, in a frolic, flung all the paper into the fire! so here our correspondence must end for the present. But when I recover my cut finger, get fresh ink and paper, and can *mend* my pen, you may hear from me again, 'till then, I am, Mr. Editor, your *and your* readers, I mean your readers and your

Most obedient servant,

Crewkerne. FRANCES FLIMSEY.

Account of Frances Scanagatti, a Milanese Young Lady, who served with Reputation as an Ensign and Lieutenant of three different Austrian Regiments during the last War.

FRANCES SCANAGATTI was born at Milan, and baptized in the parish of St. Eusebius, the 14th of September, 1781. In her infancy she made considerable progress in the German and French languages, under a Strasburg governess, named Madame Depuis. This lady having in her youth belonged to a company of the *Comédie Francaise*, possessed some information, and engaged her pupil to apply to study with pleasure, by the amusing means she employed of reciting and explaining, sometimes in the one, and sometimes in the other language, such small pieces of comedy and romance as were within her reach, and obliging her to repeat the same by degrees. It is not improbable, in consequence of so many comic and romantic ideas arising from these amusing studies, that this young lady insensibly conceived a passion for the military profession, and adopted as a maxim, that women might run the course of glory and science as well as men, if they entered on them with equal advantages of instruction and emulation.

At ten years of age she was put under the charge of the nuns of the visitation, an institution in high repute throughout

Italy, for the education of young ladies; and here she conducted herself so as to obtain and deserve the esteem and friendship of the whole house, for her sweet, amiable, and engaging disposition. Such are the very expressions made use of by the venerable and distinguished superior, Madame de Bayanne, to convey her approbation, and the general sense of the nuns of this respectable establishment.

Towards the end of 1794, her father, Mr. Joseph Scanagatti, resolved to send his daughter to Vienna, as a boarder with a widow lady, in order to improve her in the German language, and to qualify her in the details of house-keeping. On the journey she was dressed in boy's clothes, to avoid trouble and impertinence, and she was accompanied by one of her brothers, who intended to stop at Neustadt, in order to attend a course of military studies in the academy of that town, which is esteemed the nursery of the best officers in the Austrian army. The pupils, to the number of four hundred, mostly officers' sons, are maintained and educated by the imperial court, and, besides the military exercises, are instructed in languages, mathematics, and the *belles lettres*.

During the journey, the brother fell sick, and acknowledged to his sister, what he had not had the courage to avow to his father, that he had neither taste nor inclination for a military life. His sister then strenuously urged him to return home with the servant, to re-establish his health; and having obtained from him the letter of recommendation he carried to M. de Haller, surgeon on the staff of the academy, and at whose house he was to have been boarded, she had the intrepidity to introduce herself, under its sanction, to the gentleman as the recommended boy, and as such received the kindest welcome. In a short time she had the good fortune to gain the friendship of M. de Haller, his wife, and two lovely daughters, so as to be considered as one of the family. Giving daily proofs of an amiable character, and a strong disposition to be instructed, she obtained from court permission to attend the lectures at the academy, and so conspicuously distinguished herself by her exemplary conduct and her progress, that she bore away the prizes of distinction in both the years 1795 and 1796 that she remained there.

At this academy she perfected herself in the knowledge of German and French, and also acquired a knowledge of the English language, under Mr. Plunkett, a clergyman from Ireland, one of the professors of the institution, who declares that he never had the smallest suspicion of young Scanagatti being a girl, but considered her as a very mild and accomplished boy, of uncommon prudence. Here also she made the most successful application to fencing and military tactics, as well as to the various branches of the mathematics.

In the month of February, 1797, she resolved to address the supreme council of war, at Vienna,, to be admitted an officer in the army, supporting her application by the most honourable testimonies of conduct and talents, which the academy could not refuse her, and accompanying these with more eloquent vouchers, namely, the prizes awarded her during the two preceding years.

The supreme council being at this time particularly in want of good officers, to replace the great numbers who had fallen in the preceding campaigns, readily appointed her to an ensigncy in the regiment of St. George.

Her promotion being notified to her through the channel of the academy, she immediately set out for Vienna, whence she received orders to join a transport of recruits in Hungary, and proceed with it to the Upper Rhine, where the battalion lay to which she was appointed. This battalion was composed of Waradiners, and was commanded by Major Seitel. It was stationed on the right bank of the Rhine, in the neighbourhood of Kehl, and at the extremest outposts, when she joined it, but shortly after was obliged to retire to the town of Manheim, the enemy having passed the Rhine between Kilstett and Deersheim.

At length the peace of Campo Formio put an end to the campaign, and Mademoiselle Scanagatti having passed about sixteen months in different cantonments in the empire, Silesia, and Stiria, received an order to repair to Poland, to join the fourth battalion of the regiment of Wezzel Colloredo, then commanded by Major Deeber.

She was now stationed in the town of Saudomir; and here she experienced the most distressing inquietudes, through the dread of her sex being discovered. As she frequented the cassino, where the most select company associated, some of the ladies who assembled there, either through the conformation of her body, or her reserved manners, conceived and communicated their suspicions. And accordingly one day a young gentleman belonging to the town said to her ingenuously, "Do you know, ensign, what these ladies observe of you?" She immediately suspected where the blow was directed; but, concealing her alarm, she answered, she should be glad to know in what respect she had attracted their notice. "Why," replied the gentleman, "they observe in you the air and manner of a lady." On this she fell a laughing, and, with an arch and lively air, rejoined, "In this case, Sir, as the decision of the question is competent to a lady, I beg leave to select your wife for my judge." This proposal, however, he did not think proper to accept, and, wishing to disengage himself, protested that he was far from believing any such thing, and only hinted at what Mesdames N. N. had suspected. She withdrew earlier

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than usual that day, and passed rather an uneasy night. But, having fully meditated on her situation, she resolved to bear herself through, put on a good face, appear at the cassino next day, and there hold the most gallant and free discourse with the ladies, in order to remove, if possible, their suspicions. Accordingly, after complimenting them, she brought the matter on the carpet, and declared, that, far from being offended, she found herself highly flattered, in hopes that the opinion they entertained, would render them less difficult to favour her with a verification, to enable them to pronounce their judgment with greater certainty. This produced the effect she wished: the ladies, astonished with this military air of frankness, immediately retracted their opinion, saying, "You are too gallant, ensign, for us to presume doing you any farther the injury of believing you a lady;" and thus the matter dropped.

Some time after, having received orders to proceed to Chelin, she had the good fortune to escape the prying looks of the fair sex there, who obliged her to use uncommon circumspection. But she fell sick on the road, and was obliged to stop at Lubin, the head-quarters of the battalion. On this occasion she was under much obligation to Captain Tauber, of the same regiment, who shewed her uncommon marks of humanity, attention, and kindness, in a country where she was quite a stranger. Here also, she had some difficulty to conceal her sex; for, being affected with a general debility, she was oliged to commit herself, in all her wants, to the care of a soldier, who was her servant, but who, happily for her, was a young man of such simplicity, that she ran no risk from his penetration.

She had scarcely recovered, when, having received notice that the council of war had transferred her to the regiment of Bannat, she reported herself ready immediately to join; and, notwithstanding the advice of her present commander, to suspend her journey, until she had sufficiently recruited her strength, she persisted in undertaking it, and arrived on the 6th of May, 1799, at Penezona, in the Bannat, where the staff were stationed.

Some promotions were at this crisis taking place in the regiment, and being one of the oldest ensigns, she expected to be promoted to a lieutenancy, but was no less surprized than hurt, to find two younger ensigns preferred to her. Being sure of her ground, in so far as to know that the conduct-list given in her favour by the regiments in which she had before served had left not the smallest room for reproach, notwithstanding her mild and patient character, she presented very sharp remonstrances, protesting that she should be ashamed to continue to wear the uniform of the regiment, if it did not repair the injury done her. In answer to this remonstrance she received a rescript of the 13th of July, which enterely satisfied her, the

regiment declaring that the mistake proceeded from not having known that Ensign Scanagatti had been transferred to it when the promotions were proposed, but that they would not fail to take the first opportunity of doing justice to his merit; and in fact she obtained a lieutenancy on the first of March following.

She was now placed in the battalion of reserve, which generally remains inactive in cantonment, and was then under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Einsfield. But anxious to share in the glory of the campaign, she solicited to be transferred to one of the battalions of the same regiment, which were then acting against the enemy in Italy, and she was in consequence appointed to the sixth, then encamped on the mountains to the east of Genoa, which she joined without delay.

Here she was encamped with her battalion, commanded by Major Paulich, and sharp skirmishes and actions more frequently took place than at any other of the outposts. She fought under that officer, particularly in two battles that took place on the 14th and 15th of December, 1799, in the neighbourhood of Scoffera, and at Torriglia, where she had the satisfaction of penetrating first into the enemy's intrenched redoubts, which the enemy were then forced to abandon, but which they retook next day, through the superiority of force with which they renewed the attack.

In this unfortunate affair the brave Major Paulich being severely wounded and made prisoner, with a part of his battalion, the main body of the army in that neighbourhood, under the command of General Count de Klenau, was obliged immediately to retire. Ensign Scanagatti was then ordered to post himself at Barba Gelata, with a small detachment, in order to cover the retreat on that side; and on the 25th of the same month received orders to join the battalion lying at Campiano and Castlebardi, districts belonging to the duke of Parma.

Captain Golubowish, and after him Captain Kliunowich, succeeded to the command of the battalion, which, about the end of February, 1800, was sent into quarters at Leghorn. At this time Ensign Scanagatti having been dispatched on regimental business to Venice, Mantua, and Milan, had the satisfaction to revisit her family in passing through Cremona, of which town her father was then intendant.

Here she stopt a day and two nights, Her mother during all that time never quitted her sight; and having remarked in the morning, that, when dressing, she laced her chest very straightly, to efface every exterior sign of her sex, and that so strong a compression had there already produced a certain degree of mortification and some lividity, Madame Scanagatti communicated her fears to her husband, that their child would

soon

soon fall a victim to a cancer if they delayed longer obliging her to quit the service.

The father, from the moment the news reached him that his daughter had introduced herself to the academy as a boy, had never ceased to importune her to return to the avocations of her sex, but at the same time carefully concealed this transaction of a daughter of whom he received the most satisfactory reports, and from whose spirit he had also to expect some imprudent resolution if counteracted by violent means. He now reflected seriously on the most efficient means to be employed to calm the uneasiness of his wife, and, if possible, to withdraw his daughter without irritating her feelings. He renewed the attempt to engage her voluntary compliance, insisting strongly, among many other dangers to which she was exposed, on the discovery made by her mother, and offering to accommodate her in his house with every thing that could give her satisfaction.

This attempt was, however, fruitless. She answered respectfully, that she would not fail to pay attention to what her mother had remarked respecting her; nor would she hesitate a moment to fly to the bosom of her family (always dear to her,) as soon as peace should take place, and which could not be at a great distance; but she begged him to reflect, that she would lose the little merit she had acquired in her career if she should quit it at that crisis. Lastly, that he might perfectly tranquillize himself on her account, seeing that, in the course of three years and an half, she had been able happily to support her character in the midst of an army, and in a variety of critical situations. In this manner she took leave of her parents, and proceeded to execute the remainder of her commissions.

Meanwhile her father resolved to go to Milan, and in this dilemma to be guided entirely by Count Cocasteli, a nobleman who had much regard for him, and who, being commissary-general of his imperial majesty in Lombardy, and near the army of Italy, could be of service to him in an affair of such delicacy.

In consequence of this advice, and through the medium of the count, he addressed a memorial to his excellency Baron Melas, disclosing the story of his daughter, and soliciting for her an honourable discharge.

The lady in the mean time having executed her commissions, while her father was, unknown to her, engaged in this scheme, returned to her regiment, which she found at the outposts of the blockade of Genoa, encamped on Monte-Becco, and near Monte-Faccio. On the same day that this latter place capitulated, she received notice that the commander-in-chief had sent an order to the battalion to permit Lieutenant Scanagatti to proceed to join his family at Milan. This permission, unsolicited

cited by her, was equally disagreeable and unexpected. She immediately perceived that it must have come through her parents; but, though cruelly disappointsd, she consoled herself that she was not discovered to be a girl, but was treated as an officer in the very order of the commander-in-chief; and what confirmed her in this flattering idea was, that next day being at dinner with General Baron de Gottsheim, commanding the division of the imperial army in this neighbourhood, she was always addressed by the title of lieutenant, and nothing occurred that gave her the smallest suspicion that her sex was known.

Amidst these reflections she resolved, on the 3d of June, 1800, to proceed on her journey towards her paternal mansion, but on the 8th of the same month, having learnt at Bologna that the enemy had just entered the Milanese, she thought it adviseable to direct her route to Verona, to which the staff of the Austrian army was then transferred. She there applied for and obtained a new route for Venice, where her father then was, and where she remained, tired of an inactive life, 'till the peace of Luneville permitted her to return with safety to her country. And it was with no small regret that she left off a uniform obtained by the most signal merit, and supported in the most honourable and exemplary manner.

To attest the truth of which, and the well-merited opinion of her zealous and faithful services, the commnnder in chief, General Baron Melas, in a rescript of the 23d of May, 1801, announced to the supreme council of war, that on the 11th of July, 1800, he had conferred her lieutenancy on her brother, who was then a cadet in the regiment of Belgiojoso.

It is only necessary to add, that this adventurous young lady having resumed her sex, in the bosom of her family is no less a pattern now of female merit, than she had formerly been of military conduct, fulfilling, with unexampled sweetness and equanimity of temper, the office of governess to her younger sisters, and otherwise assisting her venerable mother in the details of family management.

ANECDOTES *of* EDWARD LORD THURLOW.

THE eccentricities of this nobleman are well known. He was endued with a fearless mind, an intrepidity of character that would have reflected honour on any of the greatest heroes of antiquity, added to a firmness which, had it been his lot to have fallen into a profession which required courage, would, in all probability, if providence had spared his life, have raised him to the highest honours, either as a general, or a naval commander. Even when a youth, the hoary and before

unparalleled veterans of the bar shrunk at his approach. The firmness of his voice, the resolution he constantly displayed and the sound, solid judgment that directed that resolution, have repeatedly caused the first law officers of the crown to tremble in his presence. When merely a novice at the bar, it was his fortune to be opposed to the celebrated Hume Campbell; a man to whom the whole corps of barristers at that time paid the most obsequious obeisance. Campbell, finding himself opposed only by Thurlow, whom he considered a mere younker, and whose very name, as it afterwards appeared he was ignorant of, turned round, and conversed with some of the jury in the most indecent and disrespectful manner, while Thurlow was speaking on behalf of the defendant. Thurlow immediately stopped, and addressing himself to Campbell, in a firm tone, said, "Mr. Campbell, that is not practice, and I will not suffer you to talk to any of the jury in a cause where I am concerned." Campbell immediately turned round, extremely enraged at the attack, and the firm, resolute tone in which it was made. "I will be upon my oath," said he.—Thurlow interrupted him by ordering the proper officers of the court, with no more civility than he would have employed to a witness of the most ordinary rank, to give him the book. "I have not the least objection to examine," added Thurlow, "Mr. Campbell as an evidence, but I will not suffer him to tamper with the jury." Campbell, extremely irritated, asked one of the barristers who sat behind him, "Who that man was, who dared to take such a liberty with him." Thurlow, without allowing the person questioned to make any reply, immediately answered, in the most firm and dignified manner, "My name is Edward Thurlow."—The tone in which this was given convinced Campbell, his antagonist was not of a complexion to be trifled with, and making a virtue of necessity, and in order to put an end to a controversy which promised nothing but disgrace and discomfiture to himself, stretched forth his hand with the utmost eagerness, and in all the apparent warmth of sincere friendship, cried, "I honour, Sir, the very name, and I wish every gentleman of the bar possessed the same fortitude and dignity with yourself."

The late earl of Mansfield was, it it well known, extremely apt to form his own judgment on a case, and charge the jury at nisi prius to decide any argument at bar according to his own opinion, and without paying any attention to the opinion and speeches of the counsel, except some chosen favourite or person whom he feared happened to be concerned on one side or the other. The late Sir Fletcher Norton, afterwards Lord Grantley, on some pique quitted the court of king's bench, and went into chancery; he returned, however, to his original station, after a short absence, and Thurlow, on the first day of his

return

return went up to him, and shaking him by the hand, said aloud, under the very nose of the chief justice, "Sir Fletcher, I rejoice to see you once more in this court, for now we shall be at least sure of having one side of the question always heard.".

RICHARDSONIA.

"THEY who are so weak as to be tempted by such an old bait as a promise of marriage, deserve not reparation. I must suppose them an easy prey, though at the same time I abhor the villain who laid the snare. I would punish them with a single life; for such it would punish, notwithstanding they might be unhappy in a married state."—Lady Bradshaigh, to R.

"Bodies may be sundered in youth, may be torn from each other, and other bodies may supply the loss;—for the loves of youth have more in them of body than of mind, let lovers fancy what they will; but in age, a separation may be called a separation of souls! Joyless, cold to sense, hardly hope left, no near and dear friend to complain to, or be soothed by; yet infirmities daily increasing, relations as well as others, (and with more reason, though with less gratitude than others,) ready to jostle the forlorn survivor off the stage of life; and thinking it time for him, or her, to follow the departed half!"—R. to Lady Bradshaigh.

"The faults which proceed from goodness of heart, I love more than the unwilling virtues of the malevolent."—R. to Lady B.

"There are circumstances so particular in some seductions, that a man ought (oppose this to Lady B.'s opinion: See before) upon the common principles of honour, whether reformed or not, to marry the woman whom he has betrayed; yea, supposing such to have been an easy prey to him."—R. to Lady B.

"Men have vanity as well as women, and are rather more in danger of suffering from temptation than women are. Cowardice ensures us often, and the fear of being exposed to the censure of the world has saved many a reputation: but men are above that, and the consequence is pretty well known."—Mrs. Delany, to R.

"If a woman has mere liking only, she may tell her mind without reserve; but if she is downright in love it is impossible she should: and this is not to be called disguise, as it is not in her power to act otherwise; for love in pure delicate minds is so cautious, and fearful of losing the esteem they wish to gain, that it refines all the sentiments of the heart, and sets a double

guard on every word and look, lest they betray what they would hide even from themselves if possible. But this restraint goes no farther than 'till the favoured person has made his passion known."—Mrs. Delany, to R.

"An indiscreet person, at thirty-five or thirty-eight, will hardly ever be discreet; and will not always be humbled, even by mortifications."—R. to Mrs. Dewes, (sister to Mrs. Delany, the wife of the dean.)

"I have accounted for the pride of the plain men and women, as a consciousness that they are not so happy in their persons as some of their fellow-creatures, but yet will not give themselves up, and therefore hope to supply by arrogance those defects which humility would conceal, and induce us to pity; by that means making themselves more contemptible by their manners, than they are by their persons."—R. to Mrs. Dewes.

"Those pleasures must be always innocent that innocently amuse; and which divert not the mind from its domestic and superior duties; but serve as whets or sharpeners to duty, by a well-judged variety and change of scene."—R. to Miss Westcomb.

"Even rakes, who have no delicacy themselves, admire delicacy in women."—R. to Miss W.

"Trifles conferred with delicacy are more acceptable than considerable favours ungracefully bestowed."—Miss Westcomb to R.

"The generality of readers are more taken with the driest narrative of facts than with the purest sentiments and noblest lessons of morality."—Sheton (Rev.) to R.

"I do not approve of great learning in women. I believe it rarely turns out to their advantage. No farther would I have them to advance, than to what would enable them to write and converse with ease and propriety, and make themselves useful in every stage of life. Very few women have strength of brain equal to such a trial."—Lady B. to R.

"Children, *good* children, are not always comforts."—R. to Lady B.

"Vice, in youth, is not excusable; but in old age it is unpardonable!"—Lady B. to R.

"Speaking of 'Sir Charles Grandison,' (to the writing of which he was incited by Lady B.) R. says—'I am a very irregular writer, can form no plan, nor write after what I have preconceived. Many of my friends wonder at this, but so it is."

"A woman, who is brought to own her love to a man, must act accordingly towards him; must be more indulgent to him; must, in a word, abate of her own significance, and add to his. Poor fool! he has brought her to own that she loves him; and will she not bear with the man she loves?"—R. to Lady B.

Answer, by W. D. of Bristol, to J. Salter's Rebus, inserted October 13.

WHEN the initials are combin'd,
The ZEBRA then will be defin'd.

† Similar answers have been received from W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater; J. Ryan, and B. Belcher, of Stonehouse; J. S. and H. Stoneman, of Exeter; Rusticus, of Awliscombe; T. Coumbe, of St. German's; J. Woodman, jun. of North Curry; Sophia, of Modbury; and G. A. F. Arden.

Answer, by J. Woodman, Jun. of North Curry, to Tyro's Anagram, inserted the 13th of October.

BURY's the town in Lancashire,
And RUBY is the town 'tis clear.

†\†\ We have received the like answer from Henry Stoneman, and J. S. of Exeter; W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater; Sophia, of Modbury; B. Belcher, and J. Ryan, of East-Stonehouse; Rusticus, of Awliscombe; Adrianus; W. D. of Bristol; R. Loosemore, of Tiverton; J. Whitnell, of Ashcott; T. Gill, officer of excise near Wells; M. P. M. of Marazion; J. Salter, of Broadhembury; and W. Gregory, of Tamerton Foliott.

A CHARADE, *by J. Lewis, of Poole.*

A River will my first expound;
My bones my second feel I vow;
My simple whole will soon be found,
By some of you, that do know how;
It is a crime, need I say more,
It oft brings trouble on the poor.

An ENIGMA, *by J. S. of Topsham.*

BRITAIN! sole empress of the main,
By me lays haughty Frenchmen low;
I dare a sovereign's right maintain,
And keep a warring world in awe.
Briareus had a hundred hands,
A giant huge in days of yore;
If my dear country but commands
I'll muster many hundred more.
Like many-headed Hydra mine
Lopt off spontaneous shoot again;
And will, while any of the line,
Any of British mould remain;

My lion looks, when I appear
Here, or beyond the torrid zone,
Horrific, like Medusa's hair,
Strike the beholders into stone.
As many mouths as Argus eyes
I bid—and lightning fires the ball;
My rattling thunders reach the skies,
And shake thee to the centre, Gaul!
I like a hawk, his game in sight,
Intrepid cut my liquid way;
Flocks of poltroons, who ken my flight,
Skud off, and fall an easy prey.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

On the Sublimity of Contemplating the Heavenly Bodies.

O How sublime! to soar aloft,
And on the wings of science rise!
To travel with yon countless host
Along th' illimitable skies!

Ten thousand, thousand worlds appear
To the deep, penetrating eye;
Knowledge her awful roll unfolds—
The glories of the mystic sky.

Here, in their systems, planets move,
And their vast central suns appear:
Here wisdom reigns in awful state,
And guides the varied, changing year.

O man belov'd! her fav'rite friend,
She bids thee leave this earthly ball;
O! on her sacred steps attend,
And listen to her heavenly call.

She'll lead thee up to nature's God,
The centre of eternal love;
And, when from earth thou art releas'd,
Place thee in endless bliss above.

Trent. B. A.

THE DAYS THAT ARE GONE.

THE sun was departed, the mild zephyr blowing,
Bore over the plain the perfume of the flowers;
In soft undulations the streamlet was flowing,
And calm meditation led forward the hours:
I struck the full chord, and the ready tear started,
I sung of an exile forlorn, broken hearted,
Like him from my bosom all joy is departed,
And sorrow has stol'n from the lyre all its powers.

I paus'd on the strain, when fond memory tenacious,
Presented the form I must ever esteem:
Retrac'd scenes of pleasure, alas, how fallacious!
Evanescent all, all, as the shades of a dream.
Yet still, as they rush'd thro' oppress'd recollection,
The silent tear fell, and the pensive reflection,
Immers'd my sad bosom in deeper dejection,
On which cheering hope scarcely glances a beam.

In vain into beauty all nature is springing,
In vain smiling spring does the blossoms unfold;
In vain round my cot the wing'd choristers singing,
When each soft affection is dormant and cold.
E'en sad as the merchant, bereav'd of his treasure,
So slow beats my heart, and so languid its measure,

So

So dreary, so lonely, a stranger to pleasure,
Around it affliction her mantle hath roll'd.

But meek resignation supporting the spirit,
Unveils a bright scene to the uplifted eye;
A scene, which the patient and pure shall inherit,
Where hearts bleed no more, and the tear shall be dry.
There souls, which on earth in each other delighted,
By friendship, by honour, by virtue united,
Shall meet, and their pleasures no more shall be blighted,
But perfect and pu re as their love be their joy.

H O M E.

[From the late Mr. Mercer's Poems.]

THE bandit whom the laws pursue,
The soldier, and the gypsey crew,
Arabs and Tartars, ever doom'd to roam,
Whate'er their place of shelter be,
A tent, a cave, or hollow tree,
Thither they hie with joy, and call it HOME.

There if a doxy, or a wife,
Receive the wretch escap'd from strife;
If there his tatter'd brood around him cling;
His features catch a brightning smile,
He rests him from his sordid toil,
And in his narrow confines reigns a king.

While thus the poor and wretched find
Th' asylum for a wounded mind,
Distemper'd men there are, estrang'd from home,
Cold to an angel's kind embrace,
Cheerless amid a blooming race,
And dead to comfort in a princely dome.

Men in the lap of fortune nurst,
With all her froward humours curst,
And teas'd by wishes ever on the wing;
Who, wand'ring still thro' folly's maze,
In search of bliss consume their days,
Nor taste her genuine draught at nature's spring.

Yet such the men who lead the gay,
The pride and patterns of the day,
Whose high-priz'd friendship fools and strangers boast:
Blush, thou! to court their barren fame;
Let HOME, sweet HOME, thy presence claim,
And those enjoy thy smiles, who love the most.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

Epitaph on a Marine Officer, buried in Stonehouse Church-Yard.

HERE lies, retir'd from busy scenes,
A first-lieutenant of marines,
Who lately liv'd, in gay content,
On board the brave ship Diligent.

Now stripp'd of all his warlike show,
And laid in box of elm below,
Confin'd in earth in narrow borders,
He rises not 'till further orders.